**My solipsismal**

Is my solipsism half baked?
I might accept both you and me -
but in the way American
and European existed
in fourteen hundred ninety one
- perhaps there's self and others too
although restricted by one bind -
there's no Columbus of the mind.

And we are all community
as far as shared environment -
a greater link is hard to find
(excepting those which wrench apart)
for love nor money (which divide)
or love of god (dividing more) -
however much you laugh or moan
the mind is nothing but alone.

And when fool me i try to speak
i substitute a word for thought
and through this process of exchange
i lose precision in what's meant
- and language will monopolise -
though i begin to think in words
(and this is only feelings dressed)
subjective depth can't be expressed.

To write in verse can bridge this gap
(or send a signal through the void)
permit the mind to interact
in ways denied by other means
- my thoughts my thesis plain and true
- your mind antithesis - you're you -
considered words are what verse is
a step towards a synthesis.